And so, each year at call of drum,
The veterans and their proud sons come,
With flowers and words of praise well won
To keep the day of memory."

The Nation's Solemn Tryst

"We are not many, we who stand
Beside our comrades' graves to-day,
Yet, while we live, with reverent hearts
We'll honor those who went before;
While as each brother, called, departs,
Is re-enlisted one name more.
We stand upon the river's verge
And see the Golden City shine. . . .
Dividing River, bright and cool,
O'er which we all must take our way,
When to that Harbor Beautiful
We all shall sail some day—some day."

The Blue and the Gray

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Francis Miles Finch.

Decoration Day

"Old flag, to-day you're draped above
So many soldiers' sleeping-places;
Bright garlands placed by hands of love
Rest o'er their well-remembered faces—
Brave hands that bore your colors high
Are folded now, their duties ended.
Through every day and starlit sky,
Thy stars and stripes with myrtle blended.
Thus with a loving sweet caressing
God gives each soldier tenderest blessing."

The Bivouac of the Dead

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Memory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Our nation will not soon forget the value of peace purchased at such a cost. Memorial Day is a definite reminder of the price paid.

My War Rosary

Such a poem as this should not be forgotten. It can well be quoted to show woman's part in every war, and as a deterrent revealing the horrors of war:

I knit, I knit,
I pray, I pray;
  My knitting is my rosary,
And as I weave the stitches gray
  I murmur prayers continually.

Gray loop—a sigh,
Gray knot—a wish,
  Gray row, a chain of wistful prayer,
For thus to sit and knit and pray—
  This is of war the woman's share.

And so I knit,
And thus I pray,
  And keep repeating night and day,
May God lead safely those dear feet
  That soon shall wear the web of gray.

Now and again
A selfish strain?
  But surely woman heart must yearn
And pray sometimes that she may hear
  The sound of footsteps that return.

But if—O God,
Not that. But if,
  It must be sacrifice complete,
Then I will trust that afterward
  Thou wilt guide Home those precious feet.

—Westminster Review.

OFFERTORY SENTENCE: "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

OFFERTORY PRAYER: Dear Saviour, who wert born of a woman that thou mightest redeem us from sin, give us grateful hearts for the blessing of motherhood. Help us to catch the mother's spirit of love and self-denial, of intelligent and willing sacrifice. In this spirit help us now to present our offerings; and may they be symbolic of our whole life-attitude toward thee. We ask it in the name of Christ. Amen.

ILLUSTRATIVE MATERIAL

Seed Thoughts

"My mother was the making of me," said Thomas A. Edison, recently. "She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for, someone I must not disappoint."

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

To the man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Paul Richter.

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

"All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President, "I owe to my angel mother."

Orison Sweet Marden declared in *Success* that it is a strange fact that our mothers, the molders of the world, should get so little credit and should be so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers. The world sees only the successful son; the mother is but a round in the ladder upon which he climbed. Her name or face is never seen in the papers; only her son is lauded and held up to our admiration. Yet it was that sweet, pathetic face in the background that made his success possible.

CHOICE MOTHER'S DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Memory of Mother Revived

An incident is related by George Adams, which was told to him by a friend who was a photographer in New York City. A man brought an old daguerreotype, and asked whether it could be restored. It had become so faded and corroded that the image was almost completely obscured, and the surface appeared to be a hopeless and discolored piece of metal.

Taking it to the workroom, the photographer poured over it a certain solution, then subjected it to an intense heat. The image quickly appeared on the polished surface in all its original clearness and beauty, and a face

abled him to live over again those long-past years, and also to look forward to the joy of a reunion.

A Mother's Influence

Over a generation ago a young school-teacher named Martha Campbell had her heart fired with love for a lost world and zeal for Christ's last command. She was not permitted to go to the foreign field, but when she became a mother every one of her children was consecrated to the Lord.

That humble woman is the mother of Wilbert W. White, who founded the Bible Teachers' Training School in New York, and editor of the *Bible Magazine;* of J. Campbell White, who largely organized the Layman's Missionary Movement and was its first General Secretary; of Mrs. John R. Mott, whose husband is perhaps the best known figure in the missionary world, the president of the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh; of Mrs. W. R. Stewart, whose husband is a missionary in China; while the eldest daughter is married to a minister who was for many years a missionary in frontier service in the Great Northwest.—*Five Thousand Best Modern Illustrations.*

Mother Occupations

The mother of a former day has been sketched by one of London's beloved religious leaders who gave that great city a long and fruitful ministry. Dr. F. B. Meyer relates that he dropped into a house where there was a large family, and he found the mother very busy as she moved about the room. Asking the question, "What are you doing?" he received the reply, "O, when the children have gone to bed, I have to tidy up after them; and I make straight what they have left amiss." Said he: "And there she was just going over all the broken fragments of the children's work, and taking up the stitches that her little daughter had put all across the piece of work she had given the child to do. I could see quite well the big cross-stitches, and how the mother was taking them up and making them good." And, preacher-like, he inferred that the patience and love of the mother were much like the great love of Christ for his followers.

A Mother's Prayer

Father, I thank thee——

First, because thou hast made me a mother, and of all women the mother is most blessed.

Second, because thou hast helped me to be a true mother, by giving me understanding that I may rightly teach my children.

Be with me in my daily tasks; shed thy bright radiance about my home that the young hearts growing here may be nourished with thy living waters.

facts as these we are indisputably certain. But here is certainty in another realm. Years ago I used often to attend Jerry McAuley's meetings down in Water Street, New York. What broken, blear-eyed, hungry, shattered people used to come! How real their sin, and the doom of it smiting them! And what indisputable certainty used to ring in the tones and shine in the face of Jerry! This was his steady message: "None of you is as far gone, helpless, miserable, as I was. But I came to Christ, and he forgave me and made a new man of me. Whereas I was blind, now I see. What Christ did for me, he will do for you." And I have seen the surprising change wrought in many whom Jerry McAuley induced to Jesus. In this highest realm of the soul, regeneration—the new vision, the new heart, the new life—is an indisputable fact. I. *Never let faith lose grip on its possibility.* II. *Because of it never despair of the worst sinner.* III. *Constantly preach the possibility of such new spiritual vision—the utmost good news of God.* IV. *Expect to see the shining of this new vision under the preaching of Jesus.* V. *Press the question, concerning the great matter of the soul's personal relation to God.* Can you bear testimony to the fact whose possibility is indisputable—whereas I was blind, now I see?

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY TOPIC

May 3. What Jesus Teaches about Work, Matt. 20:25-28. (Vocations Day.)

(A study of work in general, including a discussion of the regular vocations. Use the concordance.)

SUGGESTIVE BULLETIN BOARD SLOGANS

Finish today and be done with it. Tomorrow is another day. Begin it well.

It is not on record that God ever built a gymnasium, but he did make a garden for man to work and play in.

Kind words may be likened to flowers, but they differ in this respect, that anybody can grow them.

You don't need a special agent to collect the wages of sin.

Genius may dream great things, but it often takes patient labor to achieve them.

FOR YOUR CALENDAR

NEXT SUNDAY MOTHER'S DAY

One Sunday in each year, the second Sunday in May, is dedicated to our mothers. Religious emotion and mother love are closely bound together, for the latter is about the nearest approach we have in this life to the wonderful, compassionate love of God. I know that each member will welcome the opportunity of sharing in the inspiring service we have planned. Also for this particular Sunday will you not invite some one who, because of age or infirmity, might otherwise be deprived of the service to share your car and pew with you?

SUNDAY: MAY TENTH

Theme: *Christianity and Woman* (Mother's Day).

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE READING: Prov. 31:10-31.

SELECTED HYMNS: "O happy home, where Thou art loved."—C. J. P. Spitta. "Thou gracious Power, whose mercy lends."—O. W. Holmes. "Up to me sweet childhood looketh."—Anonymous. "Lord, I do not ask to stand."—W. E. Richardson and F. I. Judson-Bradley. "Lord of life and King of glory."—Christian Burke.

SALUTATION (or Call to Worship): "Gather me the people together, and I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they will live upon the earth, and that they may teach their children."

INVOCATION PRAYER: Our Father, varied are thy calls that surely lead us to thee and set our feet upon life's upper paths amid exalted bliss. We praise thee for hallowed moments, and holy places, and sacred bonds. This morning the tender and loving call of mother sends forth its rapturous note. By everything that is divine and undying—in the wide sweep and intimate grip of motherland—enkindle our minds, warm our hearts, flood our souls, and quicken the spiritual pulse of our better natures. In Jesus' name. Amen.—Rev. H. P. Guhse.

THE SERMON

Title: *Christianity and Woman* (Mother's Day).

TEXT: "Go and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Mark 5:19.

THE SERMON OUTLINE

INTRODUCTORY: After I have been cleansed and forgiven—what? "Go and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee." We may very appropriately say to an emancipated bondman, "Go and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee." We may say to the blind boy who is receiving a liberal education, or to the homeless girl who has found a mother in the matron of an orphanage, "Go and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee." We may say to the modern laborer with the crown of manhood on his brow, "Go and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee."

I. A pre-eminent example of the social effects of Christianity is seen in the improved condition of womanhood. Consider what the Gospel has done for woman, and you will feel the force of the text as applied to her, "Go and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee." It is true, woman has not yet adequate protection and perfect liberty, even in Christian countries,

but compared with the esteem in which her sex was held before the leaven of Christianity had begun to penetrate society and with the treatment she receives in lands to which the Gospel is still unknown, she is a queen to a slave. According to the primitive laws of the Romans, woman was under a perpetual guardianship, never having legal authority over her own children, and husbands exercised the jurisdiction of life and death. She was a chattel, and not a soul.

If there lingers a trace of that idea in Christendom, it is not one of the results of Christianity but a residuum of heathenism. From the first the Christian church gave woman a place of dignity and honor. The Saviour admitted women to his discipleship. He took time, even went thirsty and tired, to teach a woman, and a Samaritan at that, the nature of his spiritual kingdom. A woman was the first Christian convert in Europe. Women were among Paul's fellow laborers. We read in the sixth chapter of Acts about the selection and ordination of deacons. To this, or to an equivalent office, women were admitted, as is evident from the first verses of the sixteenth chapter of Romans: "I commend unto you Phoebe, a deaconess of the church which is in Cenchrea; that ye receive her in the Lord as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you."

What an illustrious group the women of the New Testament compose! Rome had some noble matrons: but neither Rome nor Greece ever gave the world such ideals as we find in these: the three Marys, the first of whom was also the first of women, the mother of a new-born race, for she cradled in her arms the Son of God; and Martha, Johanna, Solome, Dorcas, Priscilla, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Persis, Lois and Eunice, some of them companions of our Lord, others of the Apostles.

It may be that Jesus spoke no direct word in behalf of the liberation of woman; nevertheless, the effect of his example and of that of his apostles in their attitude toward woman was both immediate and immense. It was an observation of Libanius, the pagan teacher of Basil and Chrysostum, when he saw the mothers and sisters of his scholars. "What women these Christians have!" So it has been wherever the truths of Christianity are recognized, that woman is honored, protected and permitted to exercise her independent will in a degree that other nations neither practice nor allow.

What of womanhood in China? If Christianity did nothing among all the myriads of that empire but relieve the physical limitations of women, the spirit of pure humanitarianism would obligate us to continue our missionary enterprises there. The first step in the education of a Chinese girl in a Christian school is not to teach her the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, or the Catechism; it is to unbind her feet. Jesus Christ is saying to

have seen his face. It is not strange that a woman who knew the heritage of heathen women said, "I would like to look at Jesus through the eyes of Moses, David, Daniel; better still, of Peter, Paul or John; but best of all, through the eyes of a converted heathen woman who, by his revelation of himself to her soul, has been lifted out of the horrible pit and miry clay of her helpless and hopeless state, unwelcome at birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved as a wife, accursed as a widow and unmourned when dead."

II. I have barely suggested what Christianity has done for woman. Now what has woman done for Christianity? Surely her sense of benefits received impels her to service. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required." Has woman's work been commensurate with her obligations? The uniform testimony of Christian history is that woman has been the best servant and most faithful follower of Christ.

The introduction of feminine character and life into early Christianity gave a force and fervency to the whole movement. The Church is the appointed instrument of God in the evangelization of the world, and woman has ever been, and still is, the heart of the Church as she is the conscience of the race. She is the numerical majority of the Church.

To her is given all too exclusively the office of training the children in morals and religion. And right well has she performed her part. The most of that large number of men whose lives and labors adorn the pages of Christian history were inspired to holiness by Christian women. Think of Timothy, to whom Paul wrote: "I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother, Lois, and thy mother, Eunice." Think of St. Augustine, whose mother, Monica, followed him like an angel, with tears and prayers, and on long journeys, until, at thirty years of age, his impassioned soul became a willing captive to the Christ of God. Prof. Swing, in his charming essay on "Augustine and his Mother," remarks that "in the lives of three most illustrious personages—Christ and Aurelius and Augustine—the nearest being to each one was the mother." I never think of Luther without thinking of his wife, the queenly Catherine, at his side, comforting him when faith was low and hope was dim. So long as the names of John and Charles Wesley are remembered, the world will not forget that strong, sweet, cultured mother—our Christian Cornelia, whose jewels were, one, the theologian, the other, the psalmist, the Methodism.

But the influence of Christian womanhood has not always been indirect. She has not always spoken only through her children. She has herself been a publisher of good tidings. Catherine Booth was not only "the Mother of the Salvation Army"; she took her place beside her husband as a joint leader of the host.